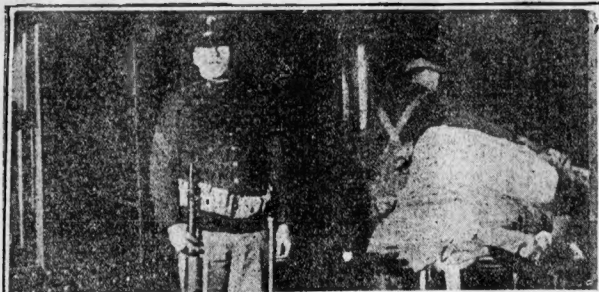
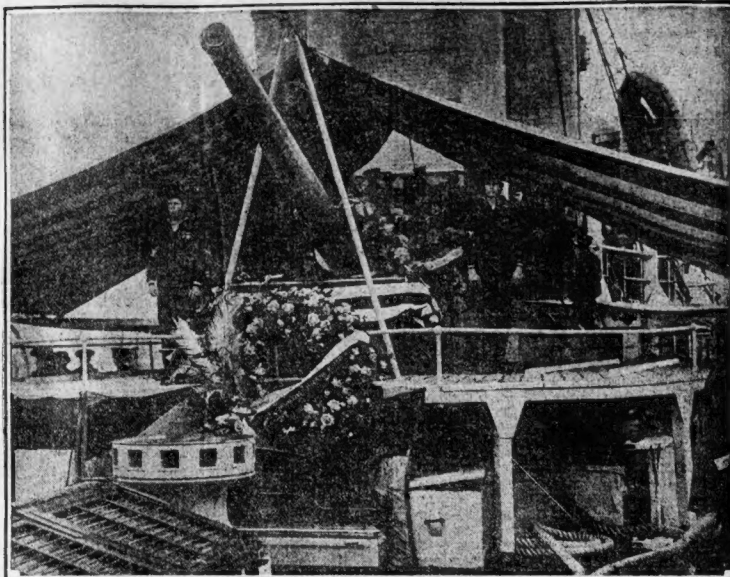


PRESIDENT HARDING HONORS "UNKNOWN" HERO



HARDING HONORS THE DEAD—Representative of the Allied nations stood with heads bowed as President Harding laid upon the casket of the Unknown Soldier a shield bearing the Great Seal of the United States.



AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER COMES HOME—The body of the unidentified soldier chosen by the United States to typify all the unknown American dead in the war was brought across the Atlantic on the quarterdeck of Admiral Dewey's old flagship, the Olympia. Shown here on arrival at New York.

MARINES GUARD MAILS—As a result of the recent wave of mail robberies, U. S. Marines have been detailed to guard the mails in Boston and other cities. Sergeant Johnson, U. S. M. C., on duty at a Boston station.



THE POPE'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT—This painting, by John Phillip, is said to be the most perfect likeness of the Pope ever executed. The painter, distinguished in Europe, recently brought the canvas to the United States. He will paint Woodrow Wilson and other notables.



WHERE AMERICA'S UNKNOWN HERO SLEEPS—The plain marble tomb at Arlington National Cemetery where the Unknown Soldier lies, honored by America and her Allies. The entire nation honored every dead American soldier by stopping all work and play for two minutes Friday while "Taps" was blown over the grave.



TRY THIS TO GET THIN—A few hours a week on this red machine and the lady pictured above will again be a "petit 36" and get acquainted with her feet again. She is only one many aspirants for thinness. Are YOU fat? Get in touch with us.



THIS IS THE WAY THE BOSTON ADVERTISER SHRINKS FAT AND NEAR-FAT LADIES

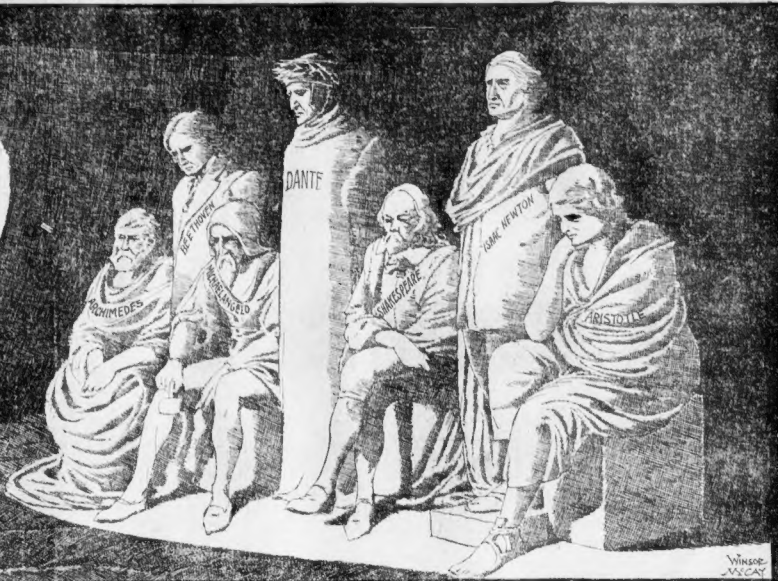
ENTER THE "THIN RACE" TODAY—Not in years has any newspaper project received the popular support of the fair sex as has the reduction contest, conducted by the

Boston Advertiser. Entrants are coming in every day, but fat is melting so fast that the aggregate weight of the class doesn't mount as fast as you think. The photograph shows one

of the classes engaged in the exercises which are making them sylph-like.

SEVEN GREAT AND THE GREATEST

LOVE ONE ANOTHER



Of the great Italian Dante, whose death, 600 years ago, the world remembers with honor, Ruskin said that he was the outstanding figure among all men that have lived on the earth.

This has raised for the seven thousandth time the question, "Who was the three, five, or seven greatest men among the thousands of millions that have come and vanished on this rolling sphere?"

Mr. McCay's cartoon endeavors to give you the answer.

The founder of Christianity, who called himself "The Son of Man," is not counted among men, but he lived among them suffered with them and died for them. And, apart from all religious belief or faith, it can be said without contradiction that the greatest influence among men since the world began is the influence of Christ. The greatest power is in His three words, "Love one another."

Give up a few minutes of this Sunday to thought on the meaning of those three words, and what they might do.

If they were obeyed there would be no prisons, for none would rob, or kill, and none would brutally punish.

If those three words were the rule of life there would be no law courts, no cheating, swindling, no deciding of cases.

All those that lead non-productive lives, watching and collecting from others, would do productive work, orphans would be cared for, there would be no misery, no hunger, no anxiety for the future. If men loved one another, instead of exploiting and cheating one another, there would be no sorrow, no want in old age.

Who are the seven men shown in Mr. McCay's picture? They represent his selection of the seven greatest men that history produced, and while you might replace this or that name with another, the selection is excellent. It will not waste your time to consider these seven in the order of their appearance on the earth.

The seven men represent—Philosophy, ARISTOTLE; science, ARCHIMEDES; pure mathematics, NEWTON; art, MICHAEL ANGELO; music, BEETHOVEN; writing, SHAKESPEARE and DANTE.

First of the seven came Aristotle, born at Stagira in Thrace, 384 years before the birth of Christ, twenty-five centuries ago.

Dante presenting Aristotle in his divine comedy speaks of him as "Master of those that know." Italians will be interested in the line:

Vidi il maestro di color che sanno.

No man can compare with Aristotle in his influence upon the minds and thinking of the human race. For two thousand years, to the time of Bacon, he was

The Three Words, "Love One Another," Contain More Light and Hope Than a Million Volumes of Discussion. Here the Artist Shows You Seven That Are PERHAPS THE GREATEST OF MEN THAT EVER LIVED. They Are Surely as Great as Any Seven. Yet All Their Greatness Dwindles,

the unquestioned authority wherever men pretended to think. When the Dark Ages interrupted his study and his glory in Western Europe he was honored among the Mohammedans, the Arabs learned from him, and the great Maimonides invented new Hebrew words to translate his works.

He was teacher of Alexander, whose father said he was happy, not that he had a son, but that the son was born at a time when Aristotle could teach him. Alexander gave to his teacher the intense gratitude that proves high intelligence. His armies were used to collect specimens for Aristotle, who was founder of the science of natural history, as well as of logic.

Alexander also gave him eight hundred talents to help in his studies, a gigantic fortune in those days, more cash than the great king found in the treasury of his father, Philip.

Many, with right to an opinion, have said that Aristotle's mind, in power, range and productiveness, was actually GREATEST among all human beings.

He studied under Plato, who studied under Socrates, and he, Socrates, under the sternest teacher, NECESSITY.

Next among the seven comes Archimedes, born about 100 years after Aristotle, in Sicily, of Greek ancestry. As Aristotle ruled the world philosophically for two thousand years, so it is said of Archimedes that for eighteen hundred years no important progress was made in theoretical mechanics, of which he was absolute master.

He it was that said, "Give me a place on which I may stand and I will move the world."

He knew there was no limit to the power of leverage.

How much he knew, how far he was ahead of his time is not easy to understand. The problems that he solved are to-day a mystery to ninety-nine one hundredth of all the earth's population.

In Caesar's time, Cicero, representing the Roman Empire in Sicily, found on a tomb covered with briars the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder a most noble "EUREKA!" and the tomb of Archimedes was restored.

in the Light of a Higher Greatness, Expressed in the Three Sacred Words, "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Seven Kinds of Genius Were Possessed by the Seven in This Picture. But All Greatness Fades Before the Greatest Spirit—the Greatness That Taught Kindness, Sympathy and Brotherhood.

Everybody has heard something about Archimedes, how he was supposed to have burned the Roman warships by means of mirrors concentrating the sun's heat, how he jumped from his bath and ran through the streets naked crying "Eureka!" when he accidentally discovered how to detect base alloy in gold, how he was murdered by a Roman soldier when Syracuse was captured, and Aristotle refused to abandon a problem on which he was working.

With the possible exception of Newton, Archimedes excelled all other human beings in power to concentrate the mind successfully on absolutely abstract problems. Archimedes's place among the seven great is secure.

Next among the seven comes Dante. Everybody has read something of him lately. Anniversaries are useful, concentrating attention on those worth while.

Dante is certainly one of the three greatest writers, the others, Shakespeare and Homer, Shakespeare by far the greatest.

Dante's genius was shown in his extraordinary imagination. For six hundred years he has made all the horrors of hell seem intensely real to the ignorant, and that probably has been useful as a preventer of crime. In his "Paradise," most magnificent of all his works, he has shown the beauty of heaven, Divine justice, as no other writer ever has done, and that surely has been of great service to the human race. He is NOT, as Ruskin says, the first among men. But he is among the world's great teachers, one of the truly great.

Born in 1474, about 150 years after Dante had died, came Michael Angelo, the greatest ornament of Italy, his magnificent country.

His is the beautiful dome of St. Peter's in Rome. And his, the most magnificent statues and paintings that ever living human beings will see. Working ceaselessly, passionately, from early boyhood until he had exhausted the last ounce of vitality and power, at ninety, he is found among the world's greatest, whether you make the number seven, seventy, or three.

Michael Angelo took the human race as he found

it and improved it. If ever the people of this earth equal in dignity and majesty the Prophets and Scribes that he painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, this earth will have a population worth while.

Next comes Newton. Born in 1642. His name can be boiled down to twelve words: "Directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance," his formula of the law of gravitation. He had a brain for mathematics that has never been equalled, perhaps never will be. It will interest little boys to know that when he was about twelve he was told to study Euclid, and a book on geometry was given to him. He tossed it aside as being too childish, not worth attention. To him it was as though you had given a high school graduate a spelling book with words of three syllables. Newton KNEW geometry without having studied it. IT WAS BORN IN HIS BRAIN. He discovered "differential calculus," the short cut in mathematics, when he was twenty-three years old, and a year before had discovered "the binomial theorem." Half the mathematicians of Europe had worked for a year on a problem, for a big prize was offered by a Hollander for the correct solution. Newton happened to hear of it and with his method solved the problem in a few minutes. His formula of the law of gravitation, explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies, ruling throughout visible space, will continue to guide scientists long after Dr. Einstein's "relativity" shall have taken its place among harmless curiosities of thought.

Beethoven is the greatest of musicians, and Shakespeare greatest writer that ever lived, most gigantic imagination, perhaps the highest genius thus far.

He and Beethoven are secure in their places. The low average of human intelligence is shown clearly in the fact that both are known so little today to the mass of human beings.

Here in this picture you see seven of the greatest men that have lived on earth. Philosophy, mechanics, art, music, literature, mathematics are here represented at their highest. And of fifteen hundred million human beings living on the earth, not ONE per cent probably know more about these men than their names, and ninety per cent scarcely know the name.

But return for a moment to the words in this picture, "Love one another."

The earth is destined to last many millions of years, science asserts it. Those words will live through the millions of years and outlive all the greatness of the seven men in the picture.

A million years from now, all that they knew will be the knowledge of children, and all their genius undoubtedly will be below the average of human power.

But those three words will never lose their meaning, and HE that believed in them and gave His life for His belief will never be forgotten.

Dinner at City Club in Honor of Palestinian



**No substitutes
at Housen's**

have light brown hair and blue eyes.
ELAINE K.

Dear Editor:
We two young ladies would like to join your club.
Helen is twenty years old and Gertrude is nineteen. We are both fond of dancing.
As we both find it difficult to

I am considered an intelligent, good-looking and brilliant girl. Am exceedingly fond of all sorts of athletics, including dancing. Am studying music and very fond of art, literature, etc. Am considered interesting and feel confident of

appearance of youth. Results are instant. Highly antiseptic. Extracts a salt and soothing action. Over 75 years in use.

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between the hours of 12 and 3. Only 150 persons will be admitted on each day, to prevent overcrowding of the salons.

The Bellini work is "The Madonna and the Child." Mrs. Gardiner's Eur-

Home talent afternoon will be held

served Tuesday afternoon at the meeting of the Lexington Outdoor Club. The program of home talent will include music and dramatics. Miss Marjell Childs is in charge of the afternoon.



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Amusements.

THE CLARE THEATRE
MODERN BEACON
 THE CLARE THEATRE
 FOLLOWING PROGRAM AT BOTH THEATRES

Bert LYTELL
 in his latest, most engrossing picture -
"Alias Lady Fingers"

Bebe Daniels in
"THE SPEED GIRL"

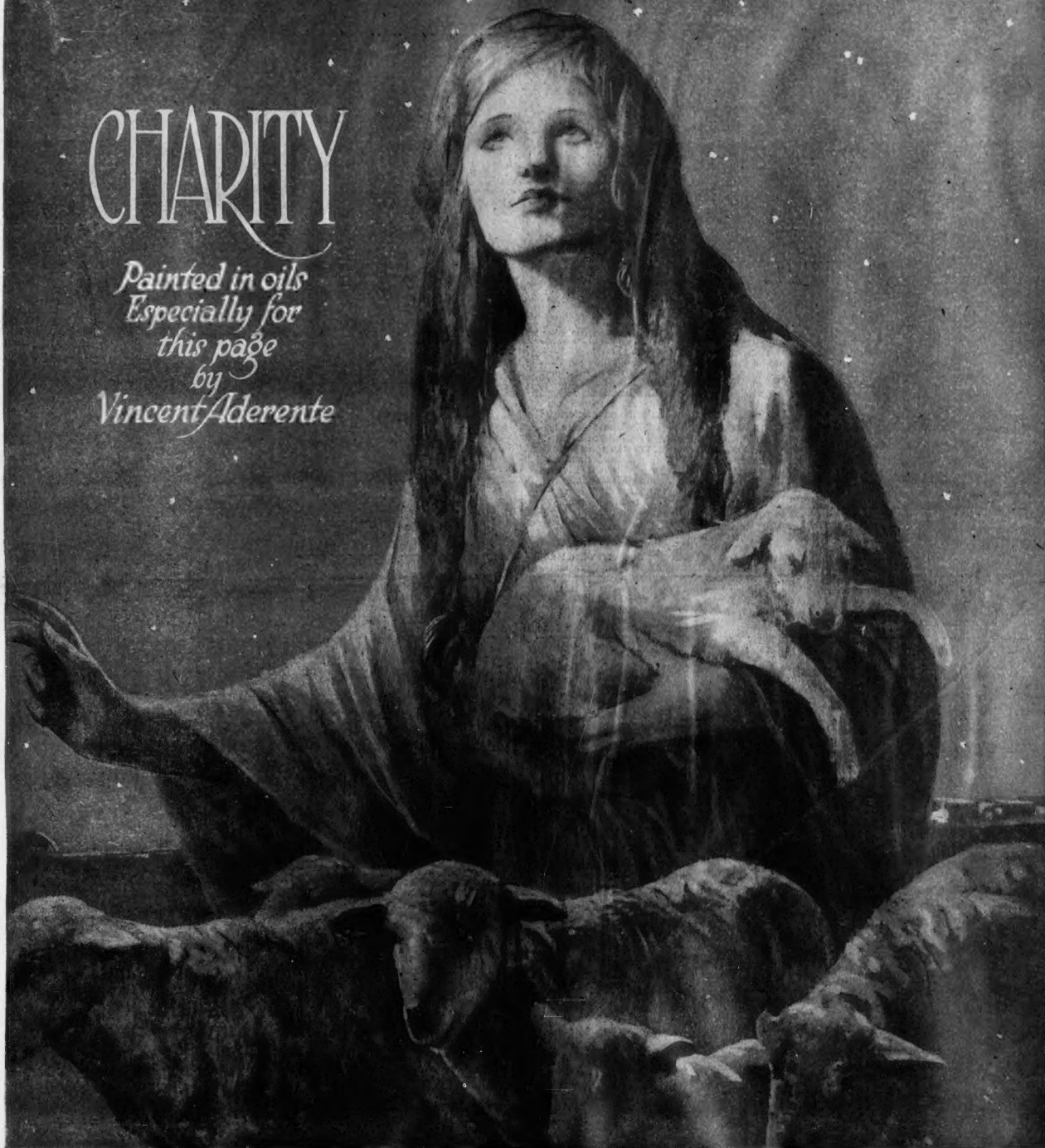
JORDAN HALL CONCERTS
 TONIGHT EVENING, Nov. 21, at 8:15
JEAN BEDETTI
 Solist, assisted by
 FREDERICK CHESWOLD, Pianist

Box, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. At Box Office.
 Patronized: ADRIAN BRIDGEMAN, 124 Fulton Bldg.

Jordan Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 9, at
MARY CLARK
 Soprano
 Henry Levine, Accompanist
 Tickets, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 (opt.)
 1003 at Box Office, 1003 at Harrison's.
 Mgt. B. de C. Zahrad.

CHARITY

*Painted in oils
Especially for
this page
by
Vincent Aderente*



God may not notice when a king
Ascends a throne or lies in state;
He may not watch when courtiers bring
The news that seals a nation's fate,
But He who rules the cloud and wave
And sets the stars in place beholds
And sheds His grace upon the brave
Who bear the lost lambs to the folds.

It matters little when the proud
Have reason to forget their pride,
But when the roaring storm is loud
It matters much to turn aside
And lift the fallen and the weak,
To shield the crippled from distress,
To cheer the hungry and to seek
The lost lambs in the wilderness.

The days are brief, the nights are long,
And tearful children ask for bread,
But if the grasp of Greed is strong,
Good Will and Kindness are not dead!
The rich forget a while to care
Too much for power or pride or gold,
And, here and there, have time to hear
A lost lamb gently to the fold.

—S. E. KISER.

Here Is the Surest, Easiest and Shortest Road to Success—

A Million Dollar Secret
Why Live An Inferior Life?

Your Success Guaranteed
A SUBTLE PRINCIPLE

By ALOIS P. SWOBODA



THIS subtle principle is in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power, has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or learn to do anything, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books or merchandise.

This subtle principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has yet succeeded in failing without it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed.

Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends, for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thought of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery, as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me

a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live" and through this reaction arose within me the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it that my condition would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle, and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, sickness and negativity. If you use the principle of failure, consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses,	George Washington,	Near,
Cesar,	Marshall Field,	Mendelssohn,
Napoleon,	Samuel Bernhardt,	Copernicus,
Roosevelt,	Gill-Curt,	Caroline,
Rockefeller,	Hodges,	Mohammed,
Herbert Spencer,	Holbe,	Cicero,
Emerson,	Cleopatra,	Demosthenes,
Darwin,	Alexander the Great,	Aristotle,
Mayhew,	Edison,	Plato,
Hermes,	Newton,	Christopher Columbus,
Woodrow Wilson,	Wanamaker,	Vanaman,
Charles Schwab,	Phil Armour,	Vanderbilt,
Lloyd George,	Andrew Carnegie,	Marxian America,
Cromwell,	Fitch,	Frederick,
Charles E. Hughes,	Elbert Hubbard,	Lycurgus,
Abraham Lincoln,	Shakespeare,	Benjamin Franklin,

and thousands and thousands of others—the

names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions and of all colors make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty to each member of humanity, just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it without any profit whatsoever. I urge every one to procure the Subtle Principle of Success because the results it holds in store for each individual are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good profit, prosperity and success that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle in your hands will work wonders for you—that I am willing to place this Subtle Principle of Success in your hands, without any profit whatsoever. You will recognize the tremendous value of this principle within less than thirty minutes—in fact, almost immediately, as you become conscious of it; you will realize its practicability, its potency, its basic reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity, success and supremacy.

Thousands of individuals claim that the Subtle Principle of Success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it. You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for the Subtle Principle of Success—for disclosing this principle—after you get it into

your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence for your success and supremacy.

I, myself, have derived such tremendous results, amazing results, from its powers that I want every man and woman to have this key to success, prosperity, wealth and supremacy. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address, without any profit whatsoever—this Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep, yours to use for the attainment of your success, happiness and supremacy.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive me, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this Subtle Principle of Success. You would never forgive me, if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—do what you want.

Write your address on the form below, or on a letter, asking me to send you the Subtle Principle of Success, without any obligation of any kind whatsoever on your part, and you will receive by return mail the Subtle Principle of Success—a principle of supremacy—the key to your every success—the equal of which you have never seen.

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Alois P. Swoboda, 1921 Berkeley Bldg.,
25 West 44th Street, New York City.

You may send me by return mail the Subtle Principle of Success.

It is understood that it is to be mine, free. I will, however, gladly hand the mailman twenty-five cents to help cover cost of mailing, etc., when he delivers to me the Subtle Principle of Success.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Notice!—The above statement is absolutely guaranteed in every way to be as represented.

"King Karl" of Hungary and His Comic Opera Exploits

The Exiled Monarch, with a Concert Singer for Press Agent, and the Queen in Breeches and

Their Crowns and Robes in Their Suit-Cases, Makes a Ridiculous Fizzle and Bursts Into Tears Like a Disappointed Child



Map Showing How the Little Isolated Island of St. Helena Is Almost in the Middle of the Atlantic Ocean, Some 1,200 Away from the Coast of Africa, a Little Too Far for Another Aeroplane Exploit for "King Karl."

PARIS, Oct. 25. "UNSEASY lies the head that wears a crown," Shakespeare had said. King Henry the Fourth remarked that he was in the midst of his troubles. The classic truth has been paraphrased by a modern-day Latin poet to read: "Unseasy lies the tooth that wears a crown."

It is the most uneasy member of modern dynasties and out royalty, "King Karl" of Hungary, will have no further chance to be uneasy about his crown. The exploits of this runaway king, who has twice tried to crawl back to his throne, would make an excellent Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera.

It is a strictly up-to-date burlesque. The first time the exiled monarch came over the border to climb up onto his throne he used an automobile. This was nine months ago, and the bewildered initiator of Napoleon the Great was utterly astonished when all his childish plans went wrong and he was seized by the coat collar and hustled back in his hiding place in Switzerland.

When he made his second attempt the other day to come back he added a touch of modern motor melodrama. This time the little ex-monarch flew down from the clouds in an aeroplane. Things had gone so badly on his previous attempt that his wife, Zita, insisted upon going along to see that there were no hitchers in the program.

As the aeroplane came over the Swiss border and landed on the soil of Hungary it was surrounded by a faithful group of admirers of royalty.

The "Queens" stepped out of the aeroplane wearing, each, containing the crown and royal robes and scepters and seals and various other paraphernalia which would enable Karl and Zita to dwell the part of King and Queen.

Just before Karl escaped from Switzerland he wrote a farewell message to the Swiss Government, saying:

"I am compelled to return to my throne in Hungary in answer to the insistent demands of my subjects. This spontaneous explanation of why Karl broke his promise to the Swiss Government and made his second attempt to seize his throne was soon answered by the uprising of his 'subjects,' who seized muskets, cannon and hand grenades and gave the returning monarch another surprise.

So Karl and Zita have made a mess of their second spectacular effort to crawl back on the throne. The two suit cases full of royal regalia will not be needed. They are on their way to the museum in Vienna. Karl and Zita are prisoners and will not get another opportunity to break the news of their return to the throne.

To lock up the man and his wife who have twice tried to force themselves upon the Hungarian Government as king and queen is now being debated. Wherever they are confined it will be where neither automobile nor aeroplane can be used to escape or make another attempt at regaining their exalted thrones. It is urged that there is no better place to confine them than the historic little island of St. Helena, where Napoleon was successfully held prisoner until he died. This island belongs to Great Britain and is almost in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. It is some 1,200 miles from the nearest mainland and has more than this distance from South America. No flying machine would be able to fly over from either Europe or Africa and pick up Karl and Zita and carry them away.

The former Emperor of Austria is a young man of rather weak personality and over-burdened with crown and scepter. Zita, is much the cleverer of the pair. She planned the first scheme for Karl to appear in Hungary last Spring and seize the throne, and it is said that his wife would be shocked to find that the people not only did not want him, but promised even to tear up the railroads to make sure that Karl and his little gathering of royalists did not succeed in making their promised triumphal progress to the capital.

Emperor Wilhelm of Germany has asked



Karl and Zita, the Former Emperor and Empress of Austria-Hungary, Who Will Now Be Held Prisoners Somewhere to Prevent Their Stirring Up Further Trouble in Middle Europe.

much more shrewdly. No effort has been made by the former German Emperor to come back. Better informed of the situation, and with better judgment, will him his wisely decided that it is better to be a voluntary exile with entire personal freedom, than to risk a coup and get into the embarrassing fix which Karl and Zita had themselves in.

Karl represents the second oldest and craggiest royal family in Europe—the Hapsburgs. His wife, the former Empress Zita, belongs to a branch of the oldest royal family of them all—the Bourbons, once the rulers of France.

Both these ancient families have fallen on hard times. It is miserable to be an exiled monarch. He is obliged to live in a foreign country, where he can take no part in public life, must promise not to use a neutral country as a base for interfering in his former country's affairs, but must keep up a mysterious attitude of being ready to ascend the throne of his fathers when fate beckons him.

It is very boring to keep up this attitude. Hence Karl's rash effort to accomplish something and his present ridiculous predicament.

Ever since his childhood Karl has been known as an impulsive, light-headed young man. As a boy he was far removed from the succession to old Emperor Franz Josef. First in succession came his uncle, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination led to the war. He had made a morganatic marriage, the children of which could not inherit the throne. After Franz Ferdinand came Karl's father, who however, was so indisputable that he could not be considered as Emperor even in Austria. Therefore little Karl was chosen as heir and brought up accordingly.

At twenty-four he married his pretty black-haired cousin, the Princess Zita of Bourbon Parma, out of nineteen children. After their first baby was born the young Archduke Karl was crowned by the populace pushing a baby carriage about the suburbs of Vienna where his palace was situated.

This was the first time that an heir to the Austrian Empire had ever been known to push a baby carriage and was an evidence of simple domesticity and democracy that had never been shown by the Hapsburgs. It also suggested the domestic subordination which has always been a characteristic of Karl's life.

The great war began under the old Emperor Franz Josef before Karl came to the throne and the latter always complained pathetically that he never wished a war and had nothing to do with it. Karl was Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, the two countries being separate states in nearly every respect.

Everybody knows that when the war ended it left a ruined Austria. Karl was turned off his throne and driven out of his palaces by a socialist revolution. After a few months spent on a small estate in Austria he and his wife found it safer to flee to Switzerland. There they occupied the Chateau des Prunelles, a luxurious residence belonging to Zita's mother. Their jewels and a hoard of money had been moved to Switzerland by their advisers months before and so their material wants were amply provided for.

Ever since they have been in Switzerland Karl and his wife have been busy trying to get back to their thrones. It was the situation in the former Empire of Austria-Hungary that gave any hope to plans for restoring the monarchy. Austria proper became a socialist republic at the end of the war, mainly on account of her extreme poverty. Her territory was cut down to the size of an American county, leaving the great city of Vienna little to live on. Many of the nobility and wealthy classes left the country or were included in the new states carved out of the empire.

Hungary, on the other hand, was more conservative and monarchial. She has a large class of landowning nobility who exercise great influence. It was expected that she would choose another king. The title of "King" given to Emperor Karl by the temporary head of the state, means one who was set for a king. Therefore it appeared to Karl and his wife that there was a good chance for him to become "King of Hungary." As a matter of fact, a member of Karl's family, the Archduke Josef, who has lived all his life in Hungary, has been busy as a candidate for the throne. On the other hand, it is believed that Admiral Horthy would take the throne himself if he could not get it.

Fascinating women, adventurous princesses, charming flatterers, royalist generals, during times and plenty of money were employed in the campaign to put Karl on the throne of Hungary. Nothing was lacking to make a "Merry Widow" show.

Maria Feduk, a tremendously popular Austrian café concert dancer and a



Old Longwood House, Where Napoleon Lived, a Prisoner, on the Island of St. Helena, and Which May Be the Future Home of "King Karl" and His Wife and Children.

"fried" of Zita's brother, Prince Reuter of Bourbon, was the leading agent in the first attempt to restore Karl. He organized a popular campaign for Karl's restoration which appeared to be very successful. Songs were distributed glorifying the "King" and "Queen." Zita was compared to the famous Empress Maria Theresa, who was a great heroine with the Hungarians. The last words of Zita when she was driven out of Vienna were recalled:

"I will die as a Queen," she declared. Last March Karl made his first effort to regain his throne. He motored secretly from Switzerland into Budapest and informed Regent Horthy that he claimed the throne. His wife, Zita, could not accompany him then because her last baby had just been born and to this he attributed his failure, to his attempt.

To receive some demonstrations in his favor and for several days it seemed that he might be king. The "Little Patriots," consisting of Jugoslavians, Czechs-Slovaks and Rumanians threatened immediate war on Hungary unless he were expelled. Their belief is that if Karl became king of Hungary, Austria would soon join his dominions and that after that Bavaria and some of the other South German countries might enter the confederation. Thus a new Austrian Empire would be established which would make trouble for the Italians.

To prevent what the great powers dominated by England, France and the United States, they also exacted a promise that he would suppress any future attempt at Karl on the throne. Then came Karl's second attempt to seize a crown, which is made this month after discussing the matter with his wife they decided that going to Hungary in an automobile was too commonplace. He also, they were likely to be stopped at the frontier.

They left their Swiss refuge in an aeroplane and in two hours landed at Odenburg, in Hungary, where Count Apponyi and other royal supporters were waiting for them.

It was a melodramatic attempt, an ultra-modern version of Napoleon's return from exile. Karl lacked the necessary strength to follow it up. "Queen Zita" directed the latest effort to make her husband king. Very appropriately she wore a crown when she landed on Hungarian soil, her royal robes, her crown and her gorgeous coronation jewels were stowed away in the aeroplane.

By previous arrangement somebody had been on hand to meet them and to

lose an eagle as Karl stepped on land. The eagle was a symbol of Karl's sovereignty and of victory, hatched for some minutes a while, attracted by an egg which was still in the "being frightened" flow away.

The carefully selected courtiers present raised a cheer. "Long live King Karl and Queen Zita of Hungary!"

The peasants of the neighborhood, however, not feeling at all for a king, laid around in groups and murmured, "We taken in Budapest to seize the king." A motley Irish band had actually been used by Karl's followers for his subjects. The peasants of each party. These warriors had been liberally supplied with national songs, "vivats," to warm up their enthusiasm. As the new "king" and "queen" returned, they they uttered stunts but instead of loyalty.

Recent Horthy men with an overwhelming army and surrounded them. After a good many of his followers had been killed Karl was forced to surrender and was put under arrest. It is light for three days, each one of them. It is quite in line with this pretender's character that he went bitterly after his surrender. Then he attempted to commit suicide, but his wife snatched the pistol from him just as he was raising it to his head.



Karl and Three of the Former Emperor's Children. The "Crown Prince" is Seated; the Archduchess Adelaide and the Archduke Robert are Standing.

Disgraceful Scenes on the Beach and in the Casino

The End of the Resort Where Wealth, Fashion World's Most Men and Women Cast Aside the Conventionalities of Decent Society



Scene at One of the Roulette Tables in the Gambling Casino. From Sketch by the English Artist W. Smithson Broadhead.

Current, 1911, by The Appear, London

It was the day before the Grand Prix, and bright weather had drawn upon the beach the record crowd of the season. Miss Luana was sleeping at the Royal Hotel, and arriving herself for her bath in her room. Covering herself with a gauzy, brightly colored bath robe, she walked down through the gardens to the beach.

Everything went well as long as her bathing robe covered her, but when she arrived near the water's edge and allowed the gaily colored robe to fall from her shoulders, there was a spontaneous chorus of "Oh!" and "Aha!" coming either from shock, surprise, or admiration, and a crowd of gaping men and women immediately gathered about her. Miss Luana was confused and embarrassed and sought to escape from the curious throng by running into the water.

The numerous towering old trees, with their overhanging boughs, which are as much a part of the Deauville beach as the dried up crabs and jelly fish that abound there, never seemed more delighted than they did with the spectacle which Miss Luana presented. Chattering and contented, they brought their instruments to their most perfect focus and followed her through them wherever she went. Several of them became forgetful of the incoming tide and found themselves standing ankle deep in water as they gazed on the American nymph.

But their pleasure was short-lived, for, suddenly, there was a blowing of horns by the red flamed shirled life guards—the manner in which they give alarm—and excitement became general all along the beach. Down from the board walk came running two gendarmes, imperious and imposing, and to their superior dignity fully erasing an air of intense respectability. They rushed down to the water where Miss Luana had entered and did not even stop there. Right in their way to where Miss Luana was taking her first plunge and approaching her, they were jabbering away their protestations in French, which was all lost on Miss Luana, who understood nothing.

Then, with that pantomime art in which the French excel, they succeeded in telling her that her bathing suit was cut down too far in front and too low in the back and she was not sufficiently covered on the sides to go into the water to bathe at Deauville.

Miss Luana was forced to accept the censorship of the custodians of the peace and morals of Deauville as pronounced by the two ferociously mustached officers of the law, and reluctantly left the water, followed by a crowd of sympathetic men, whose appreciative articles ceased not permit them to condemn the actions of the past even in the case of a normal person. The field-glass brigade of old bean stretched their rheumatic limbs in running to get places of vantage from which to view the passing of what they thought the unjustly discredited mermaid. An old silver-tipped American lady looked over her spectacles and folding her hands as she sat in her beach chair remarked: "brasserie in affronting public morals deserves even a stronger reprimand."

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Miss Irene Luana, an American Girl in a Bathing Costume Which the French Police Censured. Miss Luana Was the Only Person During the Whole Gay Season Who Succeeded in Degrading a Bathing Suit Sufficiently Daring to Challenge the Attention of the Amiable Deauville Authorities.

Miss Luana had made a sensation anyhow and had the sympathy of many men who routinely denounced the police for suppressing anything so truly artistic.

Miss Luana was remarked at Deauville before her bathing suit episode for having attained the highest perfection in the development of the "Deauville tan," a vogue that was much in favor this year at the French resort. The women seemed to be in unconscious competition as to which one would become the darkest of the sun's rays. The ball-room looked at night more like an Indian harem than a collection of white women. Of all the dark-skinned beauties, Miss Luana was the darkest.

The first night she arrived in Deauville she appeared at the Casino in a black and white gown, the back of which was not low—there just wasn't any back and very little more in front.

The sensation created by Miss Luana was all the greater on account of her deeply tanned skin. She is of the Oriental type, having black, almond-shaped eyes and hair so black that it seems to give off a bluish lustre. Her figure, so generously displayed, revealed a deep, golden brown tan of most unusual shade, the lights falling upon it producing an iridescent effect which made it seem impossible that it could be natural. Everyone thought she had colored her skin. The Indian princesses who were present looked on in envy at the coloring of the American. Many women came to her and asked her if she could possibly be that way all over and when Miss Luana told them she was, they marvelled.

For Miss Luana was really tanned uniformly over her entire body as the parts she displayed showed. For while Miss Luana was credited with having the bluest perfection of the "Deauville tan," in reality she had brought it from Florida or at least the foundation for it. Miss Luana had been in out of the way parts of the Southern State for months before coming to Europe, and she was accustomed to go about in a near-nature costume and regularly took sun baths daily which gave her the remarkable color that set all Deauville wondering.

When the police refused to allow her to bathe as she wished at Deauville, Miss Luana was accustomed to run her motor up the beach to a quiet spot, far from the curious crowd, and there took her sun bath, stretched out carelessly on the grateful sands. An explorer one day wandering up the beach, came upon her paradise and the surprised Kye, with a cry of alarm, had to run for shelter. When the wanderer recounted his exploit at the Pointe-aux-Perches at Deauville, the remote part of the Normandy coast selected by the maiden became a popular rendezvous. Miss Luana, naturally, was forced to give up her sun baths, and she looked for her Florida, where she was able to enjoy herself as she pleased without interference of the police and the annoyance of the peeping Toms of Deauville.

Deauville has always attracted many Americans on account of its reputation of being the rendezvous of all the noted people who were worth while in the world. This year Americans were surprised to find themselves mingling with many of the noted Americans themselves, generally less interesting and more disappointed. After day after day of boredom they finally left, with depleted pocketbooks, with the moccasins raven of Poe's raven on their lips, "Nevermore!"

Deauville was an obscure little fishing village until two years before the war, when Henri Lottelier, the millionaire newspaper proprietor of Paris, started to make it the gayest seaside resort of the world. He received the inspiration for establishing a great summer resort at Deauville through a political fight in the local council of Trouville where his father had long been mayor. From the start Deauville made a success such as the most optimistic dreamer would not have expected. Trouville had for decades been the fashionable resort of France, yet in one week's time, all the elegance and reputation that had been enjoyed by the town transferred across the small stream that divides the two places, and Trouville was ruined and empty.

Eugene Courchesne, who had commenced in a mental hospital in Maxims in Paris and had for decades been the fashionable resort of France, yet in one week's time, all the elegance and reputation that had been enjoyed by the town transferred across the small stream that divides the two places, and Trouville was ruined and empty.

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(Continued on Next Page)

The Rather Notorious Mile, Jacqueline Campbell, the French Professional Beauty Talking with Henri Lottelier, One of the Principal Owners of the Deauville Amusement Resorts.



PARIS, Nov. 4.—The world's gayest spot at the fashioning beach, seaside resort known as Deauville, is a close. And what a scene!

Whatever is good form and good morals at home is not good form or "smart" at Deauville. Deauville ignores all social rules that prevail in respectable society.

It is considered more fashionable to appear in Deauville with another's wife or another's husband. If an attractive woman appears alone in Deauville she is regarded with suspicion; if she has an escort (who is not her husband) she is in strictly good form.

Before the war Monte Carlo was the world's gayest spot for the rich and the frivolous. But the wild games in the gambling casino at Deauville this season eclipse anything ever boasted at Monte Carlo.

And on the bathing beach!

Young women of alluring physical charms taxed the resources of the costumiers to design bathing suits which appropriately made the most of their engaging figures. But it is a curious fact that in the competition of the young women from all parts of the world it remained for a New

York girl, Miss Irene Luana, to appear on the beach with the only bathing costume which the amiable and indulgent French police censured.

How many scandals, how many divorces, how many ruined wives, how many ruined lives are to be credited to this season at gay Deauville the world will never know.

All levels of human life meet on the sands or at the gambling tables at Deauville. His Majesty the King, and her Majesty the Queen from nearly all the reigning families of Europe were there this Summer, the rich and chivalrous Indian Maharajahs of India ran about the board walks following the painted and powdered ladies from Paris who were there to win jewels from these Indian potentates, men of serious minded purpose, and women of distinction, like Mrs. Aquila, were there. And on the fringe of title, wealth and respectability hung the professional gamblers, thieves, professional beauties, stage favorites, and hundreds of notorious women of all the great capitals of Europe.

Deauville, in former years, held a rather distinctive position as a sort of resort de l'usage of the world. It was once the

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Casino de Deauville

Gay Season at Europe's Most Abandoned Summer Royalty, and the Dissolute Meet and

(Continued from Previous Page)

"get 'em good while you've got 'em—let 'em tomorrow take care of itself." Cornu's theory that it was better to empty the pockets of a customer while you had him than to take a chance of his returning again has been a rule to such an extent that many persons say it will be the downfall of that should be the greatest resort in the world.

Americans who have had experience at Deauville call it "Doughville." It well deserves that appellation, for there is no place in the world where money seems of such little consequence and yet where so much is required. To see them actually shoveling packages of tens and hundreds of thousands of francs in banknotes in the gambling rooms, makes you ashamed to complain of your little overcharge of several hundreds of francs which you have variably lost on your bill. Money has no value in the gambling rooms. Men who would ordinarily squeal about paying a centime for a girl, will hand over thousands of franc notes in the gambling rooms as if it were a real pleasure. The indifference to the value of money shown in the rooms is reflected in the prices which the hotel and restaurant keepers exact. To pay 150 francs for an ordinary bedroom might not seem so bad if you were not required to contract for it for two or three weeks in order to be able to get it.

The servants, not one of whom receives wages, although the institution reaps extraordinary profits, look upon a 15-franc tip for a little service as an insult to their dignity and will most likely return it to you with some offensive remark. Cigarettes and cigars are thought worthless when you can buy them for not more than four times what they would cost you if you went to a tobacco shop and bought them. To permit and force this system upon the clients, the Casino management has seen to it that there is no regular tobacco shop located within easy distance of it.

One American who arrived on the night of the Grand Prix asked at the Normandy Hotel for a Bronx Cocktail in tender memory of the times that used to be in New York. He was told that they were not connecting Broxtons that night but, as a special favor, would make him one. When the bill came it called for 24 francs and the American protested he was being stung, so called the waiter. The waiter explained that they had done him a great favor in making it, so they had to charge him double for it. He asked what the regular price was and was told 6 francs, whereupon he wondered if the fundamental principles of arithmetic had also been changed for the benefit of the profiteers of Deauville.

To go in a taxi 150 yards, at night, from the Casino to the Royal Hotel, is to ask for 20 francs and no amount of arguing will reduce this figure fixed by the management. On every bill rendered at the Casino restaurant, there was always a charge of fifty or seventy-five francs for flowers, which usually consists of a few begonia which grow almost wild in profusion in Normandy. The "easy mark" fell for this every time, but upon complaint of one who knew, it was immediately dropped. But on the Saturday before, and the Sunday of the Grand Prix, the bill of every crowd assembled, they drove the flowers further. Another man besides the flowers was noted on the bill of every crowd they thought would stand for it. When you questioned it, this curious explanation was given: "That's a special benefit we are giving the maître d'hôtel for two days." This, perhaps, makes sense. And it was not usual one either, for the amount charged varied with the amount of the bill from 50 to 150 francs.

If you watched the crowds arriving at the station at Deauville, you would never think you were in a summer resort where people were coming to enjoy themselves. It seemed as if you were at the station of some industrial town, where the people were coming to their daily work and eagerly, too, for they all seemed to be in



The Grandstand of the Deauville Race Course, Where the Money Not Lost at the Casino May Be Spent.

a hurry. They were a serious lot, anxious to rush on straight to the Casino, which seemed like a workshop where they immediately commenced their work gambling.

For the habits of Deauville are nothing more or less than the employee and subjects of Eugene Cornu, for whom they work night and day with a fervor that would much better be bestowed on some productive occupation. They work earnestly to fill the pockets of Cornu and his group away into the wee hours of the morning, in an ill-smelling, unventilated, murky, atmosphere—something that if they were called upon to do in a regular business way would cause a howl of complaint. Yet, there they go night after night; they arrive with anxious looks and go away looking even more anxious. For in gambling at Deauville, one is working for Cornu and his "equities," the percentages which is pulled off by the gambling institution. As this take-off is five per cent, every time you have made 20 coups, the house has your original mise, or stake.

Of course, the profits of such a place as Deauville are enormous. Last year, even after the State had appropriated its share and millions were put aside for improvements, the place paid 75 francs on each hundred of the 3,000,000 francs capital leased. The value of the plant now is much in excess of its original capitalization.

Deauville is perhaps the most natural, unhealthy life that one can find in Europe. That is why of numerous evidence who was called in his early days "The King of the Dudes," was so tired after the first time he went home to sleep about 6 o'clock. He fell asleep and did not wake up until 4 o'clock the next morning. He said that this was the first time in his life he ever missed a dinner, and it took him at Deauville to make him do it.

The gambling rooms are filled with women who play out their daily work. Of modesty as soon as they get in the atmosphere of the place. They are strange, too, with their looks and devoid of pride or dignity. They will ask you for a thousand francs with the nonchalant of a man asking another for a light for his cigarette. Many of them are there with a purpose. They are employed to encourage men to come in to gamble, and it is said that they are organized and under the direction of a woman who plans out their daily work. Of course, they get special rates for themselves in the hotels and restaurants.

The social atmosphere here is so heavy and noxious that you feel intoxicated when you enter, and it is impossible to open a window or obtain fresh air in any manner. Remember some one has said in a poem that there seems to be an organized band of preventers of window opening who rush to the spot and the result of it may be better to have brains dulled by vitiated air in a place where it is difficult to believe a perfectly rational man would spend his time.

As much as a snuffbox, with a few links the temptation of gambling and the encouragement of the women about you, it is not difficult to find yourself soon on the road to the infernal regions. The solitary highest place this year was Sir Edward John. Sir Edward is said to have lost some five million of francs at Deauville and three millions at the "Treasure" Club in Paris the week before he left for the resort. He is of medium height and has a long, snoring mischievous, which gives him a look like Clementine, the

great war Prime Minister of France. Whatever he really is, and no matter how great his reputation for wealth was the keen business men who run the cash in the gambling rooms stopped his credit after he had lost all that he had brought with him and had borrowed two million francs from the Casino.

Sir Edward made his money in establishing a chain of odd bazaars in India. He is reputed to have sold his interest in his business recently for fifteen million sterling. Nearly everybody who goes to Deauville complains about its costliness, but new victims are always ready to spend their money there.

"Deauville has degenerated into an international exhibition of the few things that are and the male pocketbook," said a prominent American social matron, daughter of a California "business king," who was indignant at the size of the bills presented her.

Her words were echoed by hundreds of wealthy Americans who were accustomed to paying the highest prices for the best of everything. I had found themselves completely outdone by the "see rich" who had flocked to Deauville from the remotest corners of the earth. They made up a throng that fully justified the epithet "the phallos." Many of them had been in the town by Maurice Maeterlinck. Indeed, to look at the faces of the habitués of Deauville it is easy to imagine that they are the same sort of people that lived in ancient times, who were so easily deceived by the very existence of the world's richest people congregated at Deauville," says the Parisian weekly, the *Croix de Paris*.

"Huge sums of money sufficient to provide a life income for a large family are won and lost in a few moments at the baccarat tables, in which anyone is admitted after the pretext of examining the identification papers."

A good example of the strange cosmopolitan throng that makes up the seasonal gambling crowd at Deauville is furnished by the Oriental, Ghal Khan. A few months ago he was a humble repairer in the streets of Paris. His life is said to be the most extraordinary gambling romance on record. He is a Syrian by birth and was recently a humble card dealer in the East.

He came to France last Spring and sold five carpets for one thousand francs. He immediately played the entire sum on the horse Medjelloun Maid at the Longhamps races and won at the odds of 11 to 1. He gave up cards and joined the baccarat Club at Enghien, where he won \$22,000



Miss Luane, Whose Bathing Costume Was "Too Much" Even for Deauville, Shown With a Friend at "La Potiniere" Cafe.

A Lively Snapshot Taken on the Beach Showing a Few of the One-Piece Bathing Suits Which Are Worn Without Any Interference by the Authorities.



A Malay King in Robe and Sandals on the Beach.

Many Oriental Potentates Who Make Life at Deauville Exciting.

before the club was closed by a scandalized Parliament. The place was too near Paris. From Enghien Ghal Khan went to Vichy, where he repeated his extraordinary run of luck. Then this amazing Oriental visited Deauville, where he became the most successful gambler at the height of the season. He occupied the Imperial suite in the Royal Hotel, the most expensive establishment in the place. His friends estimated that he cleared up more than \$500,000 this Summer.

Women players were numerous, especially the titled American colony. The Duchesse de Tallard, who was Anna Gould, was a moderate but consistent winner at baccarat, showing a keen knowledge of the intricacies of a game which at first sight appears extremely simple. Princess Umberto Stuart, nee Stallo, fresh from a run at Aix-les-Bains, was a small beast. Albert, King of the Belgians, who loves a flutter now and then, played occasionally. During his two weeks' visit he won a good authority that the King lost \$500,000 francs, never winning on any single night. Another royal player was King Ferdinand of Romania, who played through an aide-de-camp, explaining that he did so because he was reluctant to appear in the gaming rooms, but because his state of health rendered the excitement of winning or losing large amounts procraistic.

The Club House at the Race Course, a Great Centre of Fashion and Extravagance.

The costume of the women—bathing, promenade and evening—furnished much excitement as the attractions of the gaming table. Quite a little sensation was created on the beach by Miss Marthe Cheneal, the beautiful operatic prima donna. She won a goldfish one-piece bathing suit, reported to have cost \$12,000. When she first won it she stood hip deep in the sea and sang the "Marseillaise."

Another striking novelty on the beach was an "electric gown," with a wireless when the wearer was walking and snapped close when she sat down, but clung tightly to the figure in all positions.

The painted shirt was a striking novelty of the Deauville season. One woman "movie star" had her shirt painted with the heads of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Alla Nazimova, Pearl White, Charlie Chaplin and other film stars.

Other women carried "Futurist" and more or less fantastic pictures painted on their dresses. The result was to give the beach, the Casino and the cafes a very animated appearance. Mrs. Frank Mortimer, of Pittsburgh, excited mild interest by appearing on the beach at Deauville clad from head to foot in a skin-tight bathing suit.

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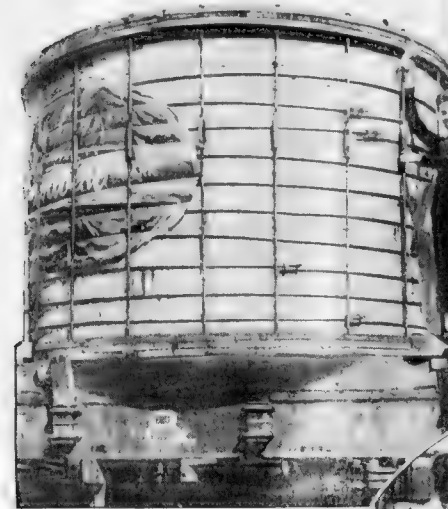
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U.S. Government Scientists' Discoveries About Cheese

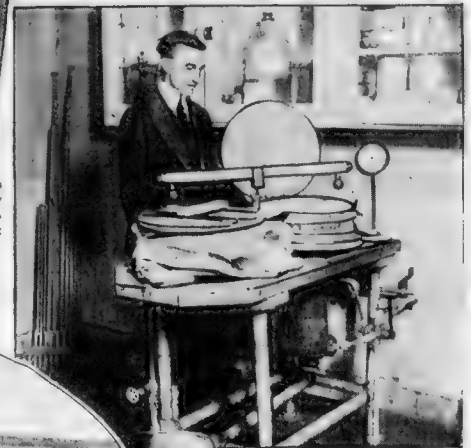
**Bureau of Agriculture
Experts Find That You Can
Live on Bread-and-Cheese
Alone and Get-Full
Nourishment for Your
Brain, Muscles and Bones**



Photograph of the Biggest Piece of Cheese in the World, Which Weighed Twenty Tons and Would Satisfactorily Feed 292 People Three Meals a Day for a Full Year, With the Necessary Bread to Go With It.

If All the 100,000,000 or More Inhabitants of the United States Lived for a Year on Nothing but Cheese and Bread They Would Eat a Cheese 830 Feet High and 415 Feet Wide—A Giant Cheese Taller Than the 792-Foot Woolworth Building and Eight Times as Wide as Broadway.

"One pound of cheese contains as much nourishment as one and one-half pounds of lean meat; and 6 ounces of cheese with 24 ounces of bread will supply all the food nutrients required in 24 hours by an average grown-up individual."



Professor K. E. Parks, Dairy Engineer of the United States Department of Agriculture, Experimenting With Cheese.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, one of the richest and the most influential men in the United States, said recently: "I am 80 years old, and have just learned something. I have discovered that cheese is one of the most wonderful foods in the world. I wish I had discovered cheese eighty years ago."

The recent investigations by the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington confirm Mr. Rockefeller's "discovery."

And from still another high source comes another interesting confirmation of Mr. Rockefeller's interest in cheese.

Perhaps the best known New York specialist on the diseases of the heart, which include arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) and premature old age, is Dr. Louis F. Bickel. In his recent book, "Arteriosclerosis: A Consideration of the Problem of Life and Efficiency After Forty," Dr. Bickel devotes nearly fifty pages to the subject of cheese and its value as a food for the human diet. In combating diseases of the heart and the accompanying distressing breakdown of the body, Dr. Bickel recommends cheese as the central factor in the food supply of man. With the new in position which science now attaches to cheese as a fundamental food for the human race it is an estimate that we don't eat a great deal more of it than we should.

While cheese contains nearly all the necessary ingredients in nourishment for the brain, the bones and the muscles of the body, yet there are some things lacking. But what the cheese lacks is to be found in bread. Therefore a cheese sandwich represents everything necessary to completely supply the needs of the human body.

The whole population of the United States could live comfortably and maintain its well-being and muscular and mental efficiency on bread and cheese alone. If everybody in the United States lived for a year on bread and cheese, it would cost an enormous cheese, 830 feet high and 415 feet wide—a giant cheese taller than the 792-foot Woolworth Building and eight times as wide as Broadway.

Professor Charles E. Rohn in his book "Nutrition," declares:

"One pound of cheese contains as much nourishment as one and one-half pounds of lean meat; and six ounces of cheese with twenty-four ounces of bread will supply all the food nutrients required in twenty-four hours by an average grown-up individual. There are, of course, many varieties of cheese of many flavors and differing in cost. The common dairy cheese is

cheapest and contains all the necessary food elements. The more highly flavored cheeses like Roquefort, Camembert, Brie, Neufchâtel and Swiss cheese cost more than the common dairy cheese, but are preferred by many because of the flavor. These cheeses are also especially valuable to mix with salads and various cooked dishes, where they are more satisfactory than the cheaper dairy cheese.

In the introductory remarks made by the United States Government scientists in their report on the value of cheese as a food they say:

"Cheese is believed to be the oldest of the dairy products and the first form in which milk was preserved for future use. One may conjecture that it owes its origin to the accidental storing and ripening of milk in the curd. Although it has been a staple food with many races for uncounted centuries, there is a widespread belief that it is suitable for use chiefly in small quantities as an accessory to the diet, and that in large quantities it is likely to produce physiological disturbances. We are inclined, therefore, to think of those who eat cheese as one of the chief articles of diet as being better driven to this course by habit rather than being led to it by logic."

Because of these opinions extensive studies have been carried on as a part of the department's work in Home Economics. The food value, thoroughness of digestion, its digestion, physiological effect and special character of cheese as food as well as of methods which are followed in preparing it for the table. The conclusions drawn from this extended study is, first, that cheese properly prepared and used is not generally a cause of physiological disturbances, and that it may easily be introduced into the bill of fare in such quantities as to serve as the chief source of a nutritious food and may be made a substitute for other nutritious foods when such substitution is desired. The results of these studies have been brought together in this bulletin with a view to making it helpful to all interested in the subject, but particularly to housekeepers. "From the standpoint of the housekeeper

cheese is of importance because of its high nutritive value, particularly its high percentage of protein or muscle-forming materials, because of the ease with which it can be kept and prepared for the table, and because of its appetizing flavor and of the great variety of ways in which it can be served.

The average cheese while fresh and moist contains proteins and fat in much the same ratio as that in which they are found in the milk. More than 90 per cent of its weight is protein, about one-third of which is water. There are always present small amounts of albumin and sugar which have clung to the curd. Owing to the addition of salt the percentage of mineral matter is high compared with that of most other foods.

"In ripening, cheese changes in texture, and its original pastiness gives way to a somewhat granular consistency in some types, or to a waxy or buttery consistency in others."

"These cheeses which are suitable to be eaten in large quantities and which are comparatively low priced are important not only from the point of view of flavor, but also from the point of view of their nutritive value. Among such cheeses the one which is known to the trade as standard factory cheese and to the housewife as American cheese stands out preeminently. "Cheese owes its flavor to the fatty acids and their compounds which it contains and to ammonia-like bodies formed during ripening from the cleavage of the casein, to salt added to the curd, and in some varieties, like Roquefort, to bodies elaborated by molds which develop in the cheese. In the highly flavored sorts some of the fatty acids of a very marked odor are present in abundance, as are also the ammonia-like bodies. Indeed, in eating such cheeses a person is reminded of a trace of ammonia flavor may often be plainly detected."

"The cleavage of the nitrogenous material of the cheese and other changes are brought about chiefly by the action of enzymes artfully present in cheese or by microorganisms, and are to be regarded as fermentative and not as putrefactive changes."

The liking for highly flavored cheeses of strong odor is a matter of individual preference, but from the chemist's standpoint there is no reason for the statement made that such cheeses have undergone putrefactive decomposition.

As we stated above, cheese has been thought a cause of digestive disturbances, but work recently done by the Office of Experiment Stations, in cooperation with the Bureau of Animal Industry, and briefly summed up in a recent publication tends to disprove this.

In the large number of experiments which were conducted, young men in good health were fed on a diet consisting of meat and fruit combined with American cheese, which was made with different amounts of rennet and in different ways of ripening. The results showed that over 90 per cent of the nitrogenous matter of the cheese was digested—that is, retained in the body—and nearly 80 per cent of the energy it supplied was available. In other words, cheese compares favorably with other foods in thoroughness of digestion—that is, in the percentage really absorbed. Furthermore, it did not cause constipation or other physiological disturbances.

"The above statement refers to full-cream cheese. Experiments made at the same time gave practically the same values for the digestibility of skim milk cheese of Swiss cheese, of Roquefort and Camembert cheese and of cottage cheese."

"In considering the use of cheese in quantity as an integral part of the diet men are many possibilities from simple

The Mold Which Grows on the Outside of a Camembert Cheese, Known as "Penicillium Caseicolum," and Which "Ripens" and Gives a Peculiar Flavor to the Cheese.

combinations like bread and cheese to elaborate dishes in which cheese is used as a flavor and as a principal constituent.

"As has been pointed out, cheese, being rich in both protein and fat, would logically replace such foods as meats, fish and eggs when taken in quantity, rather than excess foods characterized by a large amount of starch, or mucilaginous foods, such as vegetables and fruits. In planning menus of which cheese forms a large part the housekeeper should bear these facts in mind."

Before the war we were dependent on other countries for many popular varieties of cheese, but now, thanks to the enterprise of American manufacturers and the intelligent assistance given them by Government scientists, there is no known variety of cheese which cannot be successfully produced in our own country.

While we have looked to the front in the matter of cheese making we still lag far behind the rest of the civilized world in the important matter of cheese eating. The daily per capita consumption of cheese in the United States is still woefully small. It amounts only to a cube so small that it would not cover the end of an ordinary table knife. We do not yet fully appreciate the great desirability of cheese as a food

from the standpoint both of health and of economy.

Denmark leads the world as a cheese-eating country, consuming twelve and three-tenths pounds per capita each year. The United Kingdom stands next, with a consumption of eleven and two-tenths pounds; then comes France, with eight and one-tenth pounds; the Netherlands, with eight pounds; Norway, with seven and one-tenth; Switzerland, with five and three-tenths; Italy, with four and eight-tenths; Australia with a like consumption; then the United States, with three and eight-tenths pounds.

Probably there are few ways by which the standards of national health can be more quickly and permanently raised than by an increased consumption of cheese. Dietitians are all agreed that it is one of the most valuable foods man can eat, containing as it does the essential vitamins, the famous fat soluble A and the water soluble B, which we hear so much nowadays. Without an adequate supply of these two vitamins the human body cannot grow as it should or keep in a state of health.

A pound of cheese is the equivalent in food value of considerably larger quantities of most of the staple foods such as meat, fish, eggs, potatoes and grain. Its price, when measured on the basis of food value, is cheaper than any of them. It is not so much the large quantities of proteins which cheese contains as the nature of these proteins and their combination with the valuable vitamins that makes cheese one of the few essential and indispensable foods.

Men and women can not only live, but can keep in condition to do the hardest kind of physical labor on a diet of cheese with a little bread as the only other food. In Great Britain, where everybody eats nearly four times as much cheese as we do here, it is rare to find a working man eating any meat or fish for his lunch, cheese and bread, with no butter, form the main part of the average mid-day meal for the working classes, and they thrive on this healthful and economic diet.

Now that we are producing right here at home every variety of cheese there is no longer any excuse for not eating more of it. Science declares that no better advice than Mr. Rockefeller's could be given the American people. The more cheese we eat, scientists say, the better our health will be, the greater our chances of long life and, incidentally, the more money in our pockets.

Wifey May Follow Hubby Wherever He's Hiding?

Well, That Was Mrs. Johnson's Idea and Lawyer Hoy Thought It Was Pretty Sound Law So They Went Ahead--and Got Away with It



Having Well Rehearsed Their Parts in Lawyer Hoy's Office, the Little Comedy-Tragedy Was Played in the Early Hours of the Morning as All Hands Lined Up in the Hall Outside the Door of the Apartment Where It Was Believed Mr. Johnson Must Be. As the Messenger Boy with the Daily Telegram Saw the Door Opened by the Sleepy Mr. Johnson He Put His Foot Inside the Door, and Close Behind Him Came Detective Roach, While Mr. Johnson's Wife Hid Behind the Detective's Shoulders, and Lawyer Hoy, with Legal Documents in Hand, Stood Ready for Action, with Mrs. Johnson's Faithful Friend, Mrs. Jones, at His Elbow, and Her Cousin, Daniel Kennedy, Ready for Any Emergency, While a Female Detective Stood at Attention, and a Colored Detective, Flashlight in Hand, Acted as Rear Guard.



Mr. Arthur Gale Johnson.

certain Washington Heights theatre.

This was the circumstance which led to the discovery of the whereabouts of the man who had been hiding in the apartment.

Fourth and last interesting fact about Mr. Johnson was that he loved to sleep. The vaudeville man sang years ago that he would rather sleep than eat, giving as his reason that sleep to him was such a treat, merely hinted at Mr. Johnson's longing for slumber—a longing which had sufficient means to continually gratify.

This strange tendency bordered on somnolism, and was pronounced that Mr. Johnson did not truly awaken until he was awakened by a loud noise.

This last fact was important to Detective Roach, who has imagination and the ability to use it in his work. With the other also in his mind he succeeded in picking out Mr. Johnson among the teeming millions of Greater New York by a very simple expedient.

Knowing Mr. Johnson's taste in music, Detective Roach waited until he had located a certain type of music in the neighborhood of the theatre.

As Mrs. Johnson's husband was a party stopper in the theatre, Detective Roach was able to find out where he was.

When the detective found out where Mr. Johnson was, he was able to find out where he was.

The wife of Detective Roach (who is a detective in the police department) followed the pair into the theatre and later to their apartment. Mr. Johnson was in the best of spirits. The thought of his deserted wife apparently did not intrude on the pleasures of the evening as he bowed his pretty companion into the elevator at the apartment house and as he accompanied her to the detective's right Johnson's vivacious companion evidently had been agreeably entertained by his company and seemed animated and care-free.

Inquiry among employees of the apartment building revealed that Mr. Johnson's companion was none other than the pretty nurse who had been bravely answered his summons.

Second was his fondness for moving pictures, particularly those shown at a

summons on the night Mr. Johnson was taken to Miss Alberta Broom's.

Now Mr. Johnson's theory of taking her husband where she had him was up for consideration, the determination, if she found him in the wrong place, to get a divorce.

There was a theory of Mr. Johnson's, however, which was made more definite by a burglary which occurred in the apartment when he turned the electric lock and went to bed.

There is no doubt that Mr. Johnson's problem was to get through the door with Mrs. Johnson in his arms.

Head hunt in person together, with Lawyer Hoy and a sufficient number of reliable witnesses to make a story of what he found in the apartment room.

With Detective Roach as a witness, a police officer and a female detective, Mr. Johnson would be in a position to get a divorce.

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Johnson's wife,

the detective, law

and Mrs. John

one might reason

that the man

was going

with a groan

for the nurse and

back to bed,

and did not even see

the detective and

the female detective

who were standing

in the doorway

for the nurse and

back to bed,

and did not even see

the detective and

the opening al

led by the chain

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Astonishing Confession of Baron Notteman Who

"Count Gregory," Impostor, Adventurer and Jailbird, Once a Servant to Astors and Vanderbilts, Marries a Rich American



Pretty Alma Hayne in girlish costume to accentuate youth and innocence.

CHAPTER III.

By "Count" Bernard Francis Seraph Gregory
Copyright, 1924, by Star Company
(Continued from Last Sunday)

SO we made our bargain, pretty Alma Hayne and I, and it was on a fifty-fifty basis. I was to deliver my rich friends into her arms and she was to divide the proceeds of her engaging charms with me.

I explained last Sunday how I had invented the fiction of her pretended relationship with the royal family of Austria. Struck by her resemblance to the Baroness Vetsera, sweetheart of Crown Prince Rudolph, whose murdered bodies were found together at the hunting lodge twenty years before, I conceived the idea of inventing the story that Alma Hayne was the child of this love affair.

My position among the New York fashionables was made secure by my acquaintance with the Vanderbilts, Astors and other society leaders, who never questioned my bogus title. As "Count Gregory," a member of the Austrian nobility, nobody would doubt me if I whispered it about that beautiful young woman was really a princess with royal blood in her veins, who was destined some day to be recognized officially and take her proper rank among the Hapsburgs. This little dash of mystery and romance would, I was sure, add piquancy to any flirtation which my wealthy New York friends might choose to engage in.

I had moved Mrs. Hayne to New York from Toronto, where I met her, and had her at the Hotel Belmont. But I must set her up in a suitable establishment as befitting a princess, and I must get rid of her husband, Captain Hayne.

Hayne was a splendid chap, devotedly in love with his wife. He believed implicitly everything she told him. Her sudden change of fortune, her improved wardrobe, her evidences of great prosperity, were explained away by his charming wife. She told him that her friend, "Count Gregory," had taken a fancy to her and had let her in on a series of very valuable rice-trunk tips. As I was supposed to be a man of great wealth, and as Captain Hayne knew that I owned a string of fancy horses and was an expert in all matters pertaining to horse flesh, it did not surprise him that in my amiable I had given him life tips which had been certain and highly profitable.

But after a time Captain Hayne, stolid and thick as he was, began to get it through his head that all was not

right. We had carefully kept from him the story of her unrequited love for the daughter of Baroness Vetsera and the Crown Prince. When I whispered this secret to any of my friends I pledged them always to regard it as entirely confidential, and especially not to refer to it if they met Captain Hayne.

But at last Alma's husband was beginning to realize that she was playing the part of Princess Vetsera. And the time had come when it was very inconvenient for Alma to have a husband hanging around. He interfered more or less with our plans, and we both decided that he must be gotten rid of.

While Alma was deciding how to free herself from

Hayne I busied myself in looking about for a proper establishment where the "Princess" could reside—a post of her own, fitted with such dignity as should surround a princess of the royal blood, and attended by a proper outfit of servants.

I finally found a beautifully furnished residence on East Forty-eighth street, near the fashionable Park avenue, which was available for lease. The owners wanted \$20,000 a year, which I thought a very reasonable rental. I decided that this would be a suitable background for "Princess Alma," and at once ordered a lease made out to her. There was no trouble at all about her references. I spoke to my friend Alfred Vanderbilt about the young woman, and asked if he would mind if I gave his name to the real estate agents as a reference.

Vanderbilt smiled and replied: "Why, certainly, Gregory, I will be glad to give them all the references they want."

When I dropped in next day to see the agents about the lease I said casually: "You may telephone Mr. Vanderbilt if you wish for any information about me or Mrs. Hayne."

I learned that the real estate people really did telephone Vanderbilt and that my good friend told the agents that Mrs. Hayne was a dear friend of his and a most desirable and responsible tenant.

I was anxious to find out whether the agents had really consulted Vanderbilt, because if they had received an endorsement from such a personage I knew that these agents would be very valuable to me as references. I did not want to trespass upon the good nature of my friend Vanderbilt by constantly using him in my affairs. And

THE imperial court of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was the proudest court of all Europe—an unbroken line of eighteen nobles on both sides of the family ancestry was required for social recognition at Vienna.

Among the servants in the palace and in the imperial stables was young Bernard Francis Seraph Gruenebaum, the son of one of the Emperor's household servants. His position as servant at the palace gave the boy opportunity to see and study the members of the royal family and the nobles and the great ladies of the court.

And later, as a petty officer in a fashionable regiment of Hussars, young Gruenebaum became the personal servant of a royal prince and half a dozen dashing and unscrupulous noblemen. In the capacity of confidential valet the young man shared the secrets of the most profligate and immoral men and women of the Austrian aristocracy. He attended them at their debaucheries, looked on at their ruinous card games, carried secret messages to the gay wives of unsuspecting husbands, arranged rendezvous and learned a hundred ways by which a bankrupt spendthrift may raise money.

Fascinated by the gay life of his noble masters, young Gruenebaum himself indulged in flirtations, gambling, and soon had a record of scandal and debts almost worthy of titled nobility. But he was without ancestry or influence and he was thrown out of the army in disgrace.

Gruenebaum had studied the habits, the deportment and the little mannerisms of the great people he had been long and intimately associated with. He had pressed hundreds of suits of clothes and polished countless shoes and swords and saddles. He had practiced with his master's gloves and stick and monocle—he had acquired the habit of a boutonniere on his evenings out.

But one thing was lacking—a title. With all the acquired tricks and mannerisms of nobility—even to proficiency in feminine intrigues and skill in procuring money, why should he not succeed as well as a real nobleman if he only had a title and could transfer his scene of adventure to a land where a bogus title would not be discovered?

At the age of twenty-two, with a neatly engraved card reading "Baron Gruenebaum," with monocle, boutonniere and a valet, he made his appearance in London. His career at the most fashionable clubs, his meeting and swindling many of the most prominent of English titled nobility, his card games with the Prince of Wales will be told in detail later.

In England the "Baron" met many Americans, and their adoration led him to make a trip to the United States to find a rich wife. With letters of introduction from his unsuspecting social acquaintances in London the adventurer found no difficulty in establishing himself in the most secretly guarded circles of fashionable New York society, and he accomplished the remarkable achievement of becoming the guest of honor at

if these agents had received full endorsement from Vanderbilt I knew they would be glad to state this fact to anybody I might refer to them.

The lease, properly executed, was returned to Mrs. Hayne at her apartments in the Belmont, and with this was a very courteous letter from the real estate people, stating that they were very glad to turn over the house to her, and hoping that she would find it a comfortable and happy home. To my joy I observed that there wasn't a word about the rent of the first month's rent, which is so customary. Such was the magic of a Vanderbilt's word of endorsement!

It was then that the real suspicions of Captain Hayne were aroused. He could not understand how it was possible to assume the responsibilities of such an establishment, with a rental of \$20,000 a year, and the cost of servants and upkeep. He had been willing to believe that the hotel expenses at the Belmont were being paid out of winnings on the horses from my wise tips. But it was too much for even his rather heavy mind to believe that this new project could be financed in any such way.

So, along with the general argument, discussion and sharp words with his wife as to where her sudden wealth was coming from, Captain Hayne demanded to know why Alma was playing the part of an Austrian princess, and especially how she expected to obtain the money to carry on such a pretentious establishment as she was about to move into.

Then it was that Alma looked up sweetly into her husband's eyes and she made the following proposition to him: "Oh, my dear, that will be very simple. Dear Count Gregory is to introduce to me to-night a very rich man, who, I am sure, will loan you the money after I have spent a few hours in preparing him for such a request. You will have to ask him, you know, as he is leaving."

Captain Hayne gazed at her in astonishment and disgust. It was, of course, plain blackmail, which the Captain would rather have shot himself than be a party to. This eddled insult to her husband's honor premeditated exactly the result Alma had expected and hoped. After the rich man had spent a pleasant three hours in Mrs. Hayne's company that evening she discovered that her husband had gone without even parking a bag. He had left a note, a brief farewell, that is all. I do not believe she ever saw him after that.

Alma herself made bold to ask her new friend for a loan of a few thousand dollars, which we needed to put the new home in order.

"My funds have been tied up by the Emperor, you know," she said sadly. "All because it has become public that I am in New York. Isn't it atrocious of him? And it is so distressing to me. Whatever shall I do?"

Of course, the check was forthcoming at once. The wealthy admirer thought himself well repaid in having

a reception given him by Mrs. William Astor, the acknowledged "the 400."

But it required considerable funds to finance his social car, the fashionable American millionaires, and a careless little about a forged check landed the "Baron Gruenebaum" in B Island prison for ten months. This unfortunate set back ended in New York for the time, and he returned to renew his career in London. To disentangle his name from the penitentiary "Baron Gruenebaum" now promoted himself to a higher title as his visiting card to read "Count Gregory."

The details of the magnificent "Count Gregory's" exploitation and in Paris will all be told in these pages. But it is the story of the impostor's latest visit to America most extraordinary. For in spite of his earlier spurge in London, Mrs. Astor, the social dictator, accepted him as "Baron Gruenebaum" and his sudden eclipse behind the prison walls of New York penitentiary—in spite of all this, the audacious adventurer came to America and managed to get into the very cream of select "Count Gregory."

This time the Vanderbilts were his closest friends, and there a prominent man or woman listed in the Social Register "Count" has not met or swindled. In fact, so well did this engbird succeed that he was welcomed in New York's most exclusive society at a central figure at the fashionable Madison Square Garden Show, he entered his own string of horses at the Newport Horse Show, he competed with the Vanderbilts and other multi-millionaires and won fourteen prizes in one exhibition.

Indeed, so thoroughly well did this bogus aristocrat play that he was persuaded to act as one of the Horse Show judge. American fashionables joyously accepted blue ribbons at his wit with deferential humility bowed to his rulings against their rings.

Among other achievements the "Count" took on a rich wife. The wedding which made a "Countess" of this snarup was one of the social events of the season in New York, and was described with intimate details of the ridiculous courtship by his himself.

There is a humorous side to this, of course—this blind, ungodly adoration of the palace servant and stable boy because he appeared of the nobility and adorned himself with a bogus title. The phase of the adventurer's activities is more sinister. His wife, to lure an exceptionally pretty young wife to a wretched career, "Count" might play his rich friends into her arms to be plucked own financial benefit, and her ruin and suicide—this is the blacker of his career.

All this will be told with entire frankness, from week to week these pages, by "Count" Gregory himself.

spent a delightful evening tete-a-tete with a Hapsburg princess!

Before the week was out Mrs. Hayne was cosily established in a very beautiful, artistic home. There were servants and outside her door stood her motor car—brought by the week—with its liveried driver.

Captain Hayne being well out of the way, there was no longer any reason why the newspapers should not know of the arrival in New York of the Hapsburg princess. I saw to it that the tip trickled down into the newspaper offices, and many long articles were published, not only in the New York newspapers, but throughout the country, telling of the sudden appearance of this attractive human souvenir of that tragically at the hunting lodge at Meyerling. Reporters came daily to her door. Modistes and bootmakers sought earnestly her patronage. From the best of these she readily accepted credit.

"Send me your bill whenever you like," was always her dismissal of a trades person. "If you wish you may call up my real estate agent, Messrs. So and So (naming the firm which had leased her the residence). They will vouch for me." If any of the trades folk took advantage of this invitation these agents were in position to tell them that no less a person than Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt had vouched for her as an old and dear friend.

With Mrs. Hayne established now in a luxurious residence, ready for the career of captivity into which I intended to launch her, I began to set the stage for the trapping of some susceptible millionaire friend who would open his purse to her. First, it would be necessary to supply her with a circle of acquaintances who would sponsor her socially. To this end I gave a sandwich supper one evening in the pavilion at the fashionable Empire race track, near the northern suburb of the city.

Carefully I selected my guests. I wished to gather around one table several men whom I knew to be appreciative of feminine charm and yet men who would not fall readily captive to any pretty woman who would smile upon them. I wanted at this little informal supper, arranged for 10 o'clock, in a more or less public place, for Alma to be seen in the company of men who would be bound to be noticed by all around, and whose friendships with a beautiful young woman, already beginning to be talked about, would be possessed up and down the avenue and in all the cafes and rendezvous where the right sort of men and women gather.

I chose Reginald Vanderbilt, Samuel Wilson I will call him—then one of the best known figures in the gentleman's sporting world; A. W. Atkinson, another millionaire, and another whom I will call Matthews of Washington.

I believed in picking out this supper list I had selected men who would survive the arts of the "Princess" Alma. All were men of the world, accustomed to a comradeship

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The murdered Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria.

Preyed Upon Fashionable New York Society

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of small talk - and she could hold her own with witty Sam Wilson. The more stolid Van- no match for her at all. my concern I began to notice a rivalry be- Wilson and Mathews for her favor. I was t this manifestation I tried my best to steer on a dangerous course, but failed. She simply ig my just notions - trying to impress these e with her charm; trying to show them that, as a princess, she was a worthy one and a as well, but she succeeded too well. there was a commotion. Harsh words en Wilson, the imperturbable, and Mathews, J Roth had been trying to monopolize her, upposed crossed. Soon they were making vio- her. The two men were the best of friends - ears - but that was forgotten for the moment iren apall of this young woman. Mathews, oss the table for the bottle out of which we ured Scotch whiskey, caught it by the neck, we could prevent him had broken it over his e. I imagine the sensation that ensued. I hastily e. Hayne from the scene, while attendants e for a doctor. Wilson was carried to a drug store, where he was treated and was, some. Mathews was led into the club house, eported to his club. I day both Xathews and Wilson were sorry e successful as Mrs. Hayne herself. She com- eith both men, and was so tactful in her re- bth apologized to her for the unfortunate and became her fast friends. The incident e about all over town, however, and suddenly great, absorbing interest in this mysterious n Australia. us began to pour in upon Mrs. Hayne for teas, eceptions. Occasionally some perverso note e title I had supplied. Princess Alma. All of e returned unceremoniously. She never used e. She objected every time anyone ad with it. She carried on the subterfuge that e cannot call myself a princess until the Em- eiven me permission." It was a very prett- ing interest and sympathy. I discussed our plans with thoroughness and e great that we would not allow any one man e her - at least not for any continued length e - falls in love with you," I said, "and wants e self he will set you up in a first establish- e the bills and give you a piece of jewelry now e e won't be much real money for dear Count

with women of the world, and none was known as an easy victim of feminine wiles. Reginald Vanderbilt was known as a "cold" proposition. He had few women, in one sense of the word. Sam Wilson was a friend of every pretty woman, captivated by none. Atkinson enjoyed feminine companionship, but only for the passing amusement of it. Mathews was a stickler for dignity - one could not imagine him losing his head over anything. Yet to be known as a friend of any one of these men was just the open sesame I wished for my protégée.

I had stationed Alma in an other part of the track club house. When the party ended I suggested to the gentlemen that I present them to my charming friend, "the young Mrs. Hayne, who is, you know, really a Hapsburg princess." The idea was instantly acclaimed. In a few moments Mrs. Hayne joined my guests and at once became the life of the party.

I had instructed her to make a striking impression. She exerted all her skill. She had practised constantly for weeks of small talk - and she could hold her own with witty Sam Wilson. The more stolid Van- no match for her at all. my concern I began to notice a rivalry be- Wilson and Mathews for her favor. I was t this manifestation I tried my best to steer on a dangerous course, but failed. She simply ig my just notions - trying to impress these e with her charm; trying to show them that, as a princess, she was a worthy one and a as well, but she succeeded too well.

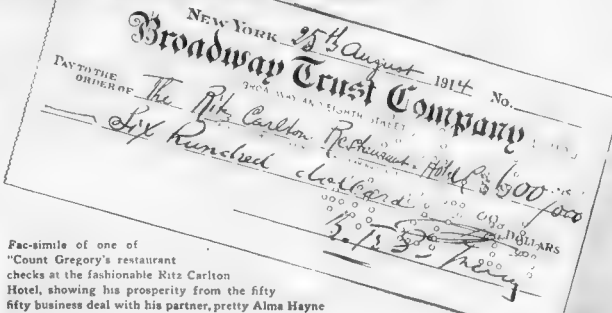
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"Count Gregory" in Central Park driving a team of his fancy horses with groom.



Fac-simile of one of "Count Gregory's" restaurant checks at the fashionable Ritz Carlton Hotel, showing his prosperity from the fifty fifty business deal with his partner, pretty Alma Hayne

Gregory," interrupted Alma with her quick perception "Your Highness displays the true keenness of mind of a Hapsburg."

"Well, then, my noble Count Gregory, you advise me to—to distribute my—er—royal favors to several? To be well—rather promiscuous?"

"Not exactly," I replied. "I would suggest avoiding the mistake of becoming the exclusive possession of one individual for very long. Jewels are delightful and fascinating; but not so satisfactory as checks. When an admirer feels that he possesses you and is cheerfully paying your bills he cannot understand why you should still desire money."

"Well, then—?" Alma queried. "But if you are maintaining your own establishment why, then, of course, your worshipful knights will gladly contribute liberal checks for your comfort as well as the expected jewels."

"I understand perfectly," said the "Princess" with interest, "and the more contributors to my 'comforts' the more money as well as jewels to divide with you."

"Well, that is entirely agreeable to me. But how many golden balls can I juggle in the air without a disaster?" she said thoughtfully.

"There is where I shall expect to guide and safeguard you. I shall select your devotees with care—elderly men of family and position who cannot afford a scandal."

"But not too old!" Alma exclaimed with a gentle touch of mixing.

"You shall never have cause to challenge my discretion and good judgment. But there is one thing you must pledge me!"

"What?" she asked quickly.

"Not to permit yourself to become attached to any of your admirers."

"Oh, you silly boy!" she laughed. "I half believe you're going to be jealous. But seriously, how can I possible fall in love with these bald-headed old money-bags I'm to meet?"

"You can't. But you are sure to meet other and younger men than those I present to you. Some young

chap will fall in love with you and insist on marrying you."

"Have no fears, Count Gregory. My heart is burglar-proof. We are partners. If I stupidly fall in love and marry some worthy worshipper and become respectable—it breaks up our partnership and destroys our business. No, no! Believe me, my dear Count Gregory, I am too clever to do such a silly thing."

Mrs. Hayne meant every word she said in all sincerity and yet she finally did exactly that very thing, and it brought an end to our prosperous partnership.

This unfortunate but real love affair of Alma's was a great blow to me, and I will give the details of it later on in its proper place. Let me now return to the situation as it stood at the time of our little business conference as I have just related it.

I now began to look around for the man, necessarily rich and generous, who was to supply Alma with the future I expected her to win. I knew many such men, but I wished to pick my victim very carefully. I wanted one who would not create a fuss when the inevitable happened—and he became supplanted. I wanted one, too, who would not be in a position to stand disclosure.

After a study of the Social Register and a book which lists all the rich directors of great corporations I selected a man who, I knew, had a penchant for pretty women. He was the president of a bank; was reputed to be worth fifty millions of dollars; was married to a housewife; a bit of woman, who attempted merely to hold her own in society; and his station in the financial world was such that he never could afford a scandal. All New York would know his name should I care to mention it. Suppose, however, we call him Hardy, which certainly was not his real name.

Mr. Hardy lunched every day at a regular hour at the Beaux Arts restaurant, one of the garish places in the theatrical district. He occupied the same table every day, and each day brought with him to the restaurant an Airdeale dog, which was his special pet and which accompanied him to his office daily. This dog he left in the



"With a gay little laugh and a sly glance Alma nodded her acquiescence. In a moment the portly banker was sitting at her table, his hand reaching nervously for the one she kept just avoiding him. They discussed me, of course. She was charmed by his attention. She chided him for his unconventional mode of approach."

restaurant-ante-room, in the care of the lat boy, while he ate his lunch.

I knew Mr. Hardy quite well. I managed to be invited to lunch with him one day. While we sat over our coffee Mrs. Hayne, by prearrangement, came in and sat at a table quite near. I excused myself and went over to speak to her. After a few words I returned to Mr. Hardy's table. He asked me at once, as I knew he would, what the charming young woman might be. When I had explained he commented upon her beauty and asked a few more questions—then changed the subject. I noticed, however, that his eyes wandered in her direction occasionally.

Every day after that Mrs. Hayne lunched at the Beaux Arts at the same hour, and at the same table. Always just across the open space that divides the tables was Mr. Hardy, the banker. Each day his glances in her direction grew more persistent—aided by her habit of giving him a sweeping glance, half of recognition, as if remembering having noticed him on the first day when I left him to speak to her.

She never allowed her eyes to linger on his, however, never gave him the slightest excuse for recognizing her. (Once or twice she left her table just as Mr. Hardy began to pay his check, and a moment later was caught by him in the act of petting his Airdeale waiting in the ante-room. On these occasions she blushed and retired quickly at his approach.)

After a week or so of this preliminary skirmishing I

Fin Feather Hats

by
Lady
Duff
Gordon



Yellow Paradise Plumes on a Frame Draped With Brown and Gold Lace Make This a Much-to-Be-Desired Restaurant Hat.

LADY DUFF GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff Gordon's American establishment is at No. 19 East Fifty-fourth street, New York City.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

FINE feathers help to make the birds of fine seeming. I think that is what the poet meant when he wrote more concisely. "Fine feathers make fine birds." At least, that is what we modistes claim, and it is all we claim. We believe that dressing a person beautifully should cause the person to wish to be as beautiful within as without. Beautiful clothes, then, tend to make beautiful characters. They do not always succeed, but that is the trend of dress. More persons are made than marred by a love of suitable clothes.

I have arranged in the show window of this page a group of hats for your inspection. They are a fair assemblage of the variety of hats needed by the well-dressed woman.

On the top of the page is a large portrait of a restaurant hat. It is made over a wide, slightly drooping frame. The frame is draped with brown and gold lace, hanging, veil-like, from the brim for several inches. The lace

is massed loosely upon the crown. Yellow bird of paradise plumes cross each other in front and droop richly from the sides, combining with the lace to frame the face in an almost ethereal veil.

The left-hand portrait is of such a hat as you might see worn by a woman of taste at tea in a restaurant. Of mulberry velvet over a bowl-like crown, it is trimmed with a long drooping ostrich plume, that hangs far below the shoulder in front. Ostrich sprays, also of black, are massed lightly above the face and mingle with the fullness of the velvet brim.

The small right hand figure affords a view of the smartness of an afternoon hat of sienna velvet. A drooping spray of the cherries made of velvet of shades of the color of the hat is the only trimming of this simply smart or smartly simple chapeau.

The bottom of the page discloses a picture of a fourth hat. This is most adapted to afternoon wear. The hat, of medium crown and wide, turned-back brim, is of black velvet. Drooping from the back and sides of the brim are mingled black and white uncurled ostrich plumes.

This season hats are of marked individuality. They express more than at any previous season the personality of the wearer. For instance, I know a dark woman of olive skin and curling dark hair who is captivated by gypsy hats. These hats were inspired by the modiste's trip through the Panama Canal zone. They are formed of gaily colored handkerchiefs twisted about the head and knotted in gypsy fashion. The slight brim displays a magnificent splash of color in front, supplied by a facing of silk, chiffon or velvet.

Black Velvet, With Black and White Uncurled Plumes Drooping from Back and Sides.

Mulberry Velvet Over a Bowl-Like Crown, Trimmed With Black Ostrich Plume and Sprays.





LES AVENTURES de la PRINCESSE AMII

Assistez à son Arrivée. C'est de ces heures
Inspire par sa beauté, le plus courageux Prince du monde
s'enthousiasme à vaincre tous les obstacles, et enfin il sau-
vre. Le jour même que la Princesse Amie trouva le Prince, il
et régna avec son Prince dans leur beau royaume.

THE ADVENTURE of the PRINCESS AMII

Inspired by her beauty, the bravest Prince in the world
inspired by her beauty, the bravest Prince in the world
inspired by her beauty, the bravest Prince in the world.

Your Toilette, too, may whisper of French Romance

Who so subtly as the French can weave into their products the romance of their artistic souls? France indeed is the perfect translator of her own surpassing charm.

So do we turn to France for supreme guidance in les affaires de beauté. And so, naturally, do ladies of fashion the world over, seeking des parfums exquis, turn also to France. It is so with you n'est-ce pas?

Doubtless, already, Mademoiselle has learned the elusive charm of Parfum Djer-Kiss. Perhaps Djer-Kiss is already adding to your own so great fascination un air Parisien.

But if not, it is implored that you embrace, immediately, this simple way to impart to your own toilette a grace and elegance which are French alone. Have always on your dressing table le parfum Djer-Kiss which holds captive for you a bit of Paris herself—something of her tender romance, something of her

bright gaiety, something even of her inimitable coquetry.

But who can describe Paris? Who can describe Djer-Kiss? C'est impossible. Only to know it is to understand it. In your favorite shop it awaits you this French Parfum Djer-Kiss—sent directly from that atelier at Colombes—near Paris. To secure Djer-Kiss today is to learn today this Djer-Kiss secret.

"One touch of Djer-Kiss makes the whole world Parisian."

Special Sample Offer:

Send 25¢ and receive the dainty "Week-End Specialty Box" containing serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss extract, face powder, cold cream, vanishing cream and dainty satin sachet. Address Alfred H. Smith Co., 32 West 34th St., New York.

For a True Harmony of the Toilet

Is it not the very rule of fashion today that the pattern of Mademoiselle's toilette should be in perfect harmony with the pattern of her life? The Djer-Kiss is the only one that is in perfect harmony with the pattern of her life.

Toilet Water	Sachet
Floral, rose, orange, etc.	Floral, rose, orange, etc.
Vegetable	Vegetable
Soap	Soap
Face Powder	Face Powder
Cold Cream	Cold Cream
Vanishing Cream	Vanishing Cream
Satin Sachet	Satin Sachet



Extract
Tantalizing! Elusive!
A Patrician French
Parfum yielding to the
"toilette" its final
touch of French grace
and elegance.

Clip
the Coupon!

Alfred H. Smith Co.,
32 West 34th Street,
New York.

Enclosed find 25¢. Please send
me the Djer-Kiss "Week-end
Specialty Box" containing service-
able samples of Djer-Kiss Extract,
Face Powder, Cold Cream and Vanish-
ing Cream with dainty satin sachet.

Name

Street and Number

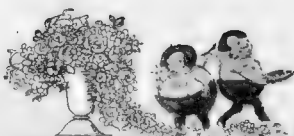
City

Djer-Kiss

Made in France
PRONOUNCED "DEAR-KISS"

FACE POWDER COLD CREAM TALC TOILET WATER PARFUM VEGETABLE SOAP VANISHING CREAM

These specialties—Bougie, Soap, Compacts and Creams temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss concentrates imported from France.



Take Mastin's Yeast Vitamon Tablets

for Radiant Health and Youthful Beauty—

Science Shows Just Why It Is Now Such a Simple, Easy Matter to Have a Fresh, Clear Complexion, Firm Flesh, Healthy Energy and a Graceful Well-Rounded Figure

Every woman who has heard of the wondrous health and beauty making power of vitamins now has the opportunity of finding out for herself just what truly amazing results she may obtain by getting all the three equally important vitamins concentrated and combined in the convenient and easy - to - take form known as MASTIN'S YEAST VITAMON TABLETS.

Vitamins are wonderful life-giving, health-building elements contained in many raw foods, but they are often lost in the process of cooking before the foods ever reach you. There are three classes of vitamins and ALL THREE are regarded by scientific authorities as necessary for perfect health, vigor and proper physical development. Yeast is rich in one class of vitamins (Water Soluble B). But there are two other known vitamins—Fat Soluble A, normally present in raw milk, cod liver oil and certain plants—and Water Soluble C, found to be in certain fruits and vegetables.

MASTIN'S YEAST VITAMON TABLETS containing ALL THREE vitamins in concentrated form, will not upset the stomach, they are in no way distasteful—they keep indefinitely and millions of users who find them pleasant and economical to take can best attest to their remarkable health-giving and beauty-making value.

For loss of weight, under-development, poor complexion, lowered vitality, lack of energy, improper digestion and elimination, MASTIN'S YEAST VITAMON TABLETS act in a natural manner as a general conditioner and up-builder for the whole system. They usually produce most surprisingly quick results in helping to put on firm flesh where it is needed, clearing and beautifying the skin and complexion and increasing energy.

LUSTROUS

HAIR

BRIGHT

EYES

ROSY

CHEEKS

RED

LIPS

FIRM FLESH
UNDER THE
SKIN

NO FLABBINESS

WELL ROUNDED
NECK

NO
HOLLOWS

Be sure to remember this name:
**MASTIN'S
VITAMON**
THE ORIGINAL TABLETS YEAST
AND VITAMINE
GENUINE TABLET

There is nothing like it, so do not accept imitations and substitutions.
You can get Mastin's VITAMON Tablets at all good druggists.

Absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or the small amount paid for the trial will be promptly refunded. In each package of MASTIN'S YEAST VITAMON TABLETS (obtainable from any good druggist) is an interesting leaflet explaining just what vitamins are and why ALL THREE VITAMINES are used in concentrated form in MASTIN'S YEAST VITAMON TABLETS. Beware of substitutes and imitations. Accept only the Original and Genuine.

Here is a simple test you will find well worth trying: First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next, take Mastin's VITAMON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking MASTIN'S YEAST VITAMON TABLETS regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy.

if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON

57

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange, Poison, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Custard, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange, Poison, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange, Poison, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange, Poison, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange, Poison, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange, Poison, Hatched in Milk, Bread, Bacon, Peanut, Coffee, Lunch Cold Chicken, Hot Boston, Baked Beans, Walnut, Cheese, Ice, Dinner Dressed Veal Chop, String Beans, Baked Potatoes, Sweet Pickled Bors, Custard Pie, Coffee.

Afternoon Tea Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

FRUIT COCOA CAKES.
BEAT 1 cup shortening to a cream. Gradually beat in 1 cup sifted brown sugar and 1 cup cocoa add 1 cup raisins, 1/2 cup currants and 1/2 cup sliced citron. Add 1 well-beaten egg and alternately add 1/2 cup water and 1 cup flour sifted with 3 tablespoons fine corn meal, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon soda and 1 cup sifted milk. Cover with White Mountain frosting and serve with white cream or orange sauce.

EPICUREAN SANDWICHES.
CREAM 1/2 cup butter with a little mustard. Add the yolks of 4 hard-cooked eggs and work until creamy. The egg yolks may be passed through a sieve or work into a ricer. Add 1 baked anchovy, 1/2 finely chopped small dill and a suggestion of chives and lemon. Spread on plain or graham bread.

MUSHROOM AND CHEESE SANDWICHES.
WORK the cheese into a little salt. Cook chopped mushrooms in a very little butter or oil until well. Sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice. Spread the mushrooms on a slice of bread, cut 1/2 inch thick, and cover with another slice of bread.

ready to use remove the butter and spread the paste on the bread as for any sandwich.

PECAN AND PINEAPPLE CAKE.
CREAM 1 cup butter or butter substitute with 3 cups sugar. Add 2 cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Mix well and gradually add 1/2 cup milk. Fold in six stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in layers. Put together and cover with icing, enriched with halves of pecans. The icing is made like this: Beat 3 cups of pecans through meat chopper and add 1 cup shredded pineapple. Mix 2 un-beaten egg whites with enough powdered sugar to make a paste and mix with pecans and pineapple.

Don't Send Penny
Manicurist
FOX SCARF
\$4.45
5th Line

FINELY CHOP 1/2 onion and cook until delicately brown in a little butter. Add several chicken livers and brown lightly. Cover with well-seasoned chicken soup or stock and simmer until tender. Mash the livers through a fine sieve and season to taste with salt, paprika and mustard. Press into a cup, pour melted butter over the top and set away in a cold place. When

\$2.99 for this ALL WOOL
Peggy O'Neil
Blouse

"What's in a Name?"

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

I AM going to make my little chat with you to-day a plea for what is unfortunately called "steak"—the dish which is a combination of meat, vegetables and gravy, cooked and served together. At 1 may have said before, the "national dish" of practically every country is the steak variety.

Take the goulash of so many different countries. It consists of the dish which is a combination of meat, vegetables and gravy, cooked and served together. At 1 may have said before, the "national dish" of practically every country is the steak variety.

Probably our modern quick fuel is largely to blame, because the cooking of such a dish is slow and to be prayed over, not done in a hurry. The chief cause of its absence from our tables may be because the housekeeper of to-day dislikes to take the time and the patience that such a dish demands. But this is her mistake, for no dish can offer all the advantages which steak possesses.

They are most nutritious because they contain the mineral salts, gelatine and juices. They give the greatest opportunity for flavor, color and stimulus to appetite. They require simpler cooking, fewer cooking pots and serving dishes.

If the pocketbook means anything to you, the new type of dish should certainly be more generally used. Pieces of the shoulder, brisket, neck, round, chuck, etc., etc., of any food animal may be used, but much less costly than the portentious and the chop.

Astonishing Confessions of a Bogus Nobleman Who Preyed on Fashionable New York Society

(Continued from Pages 10 and 11.)
dropped into the Beau's later one afternoon and called to the waiter who habitually served Mr. Hardy. I gave him my card and asked him to call upon me at the fashionable club where I was stopping. There I requested the waiter in my little plot. I promised him \$500 if he could arrange it so Mr. Hardy would send him to Mr. Hayne's table with a plea that he might join her at coffee.

Of course I might have arranged in a day for some of my friends to present the rich banker to Mrs. Hayne, or I might have performed that office myself. But there is an old adage that says "sweets are the sweetest." I know that if she had arranged her own meeting and thus built around her first acquaintance with Mrs. Hayne an atmosphere of secrecy and mystery, her progress toward the desired result would be more rapid. A man always is liable to respect a woman when he meets upon social equality under conventional circumstances; if he meets her with the bare down, as it were, he is likely

to seek and take advantage of her complacency all the more quickly. How the waiter managed I do not know, but he did earn his \$500. It was hardly a day later that he appeared at Alma's table just as she had finished her lunch with the banker's card, his compliments and his request that he might join her with the purpose of "discovering" if they had not met before.

With a gay little laugh and a sly glance Alma nodded her acquiescence. In a moment the portly banker was sitting at her table, his hand reaching nervously for the one she kept just avoiding him. They discussed me, of course. She was charmed with his attention. She chided him for his unconventional mode of approach.

"Why didn't you have one of our mutual friends—one of the Vanderbilts, or Mr. Mahoney, or Count Greasy—present you to me?" she asked. "It would have been so simple. Or you could have found me at young Mrs. Astor's reception to marrow afternoon or at Mrs. Horatio Whitney's—surely you could have found a better way than this to meet me."

"But this is so much less a matter of form—so much more a matter of fact," he persisted, and, of course, she forgave him.

"To be sure, in Venice," what romantic! The golden moonlight, the gondoliers! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 23x14 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c! This is the most beautiful and attractive panel we have ever offered. Art store value \$50 to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a new perfume experiment). Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster. Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning throb. Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blither and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. He has it in his shop and also in his home. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, O. BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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All through the evening—that tormenting thought hovered in the back of her mind

A YOUNG girl slipped away from the crowded floor of a ball-room. Unobserved, she crept into the deserted dressing-room, and sank down on one of the chairs in front of a mirror. The maid, noticing her dejected attitude, came forward with an offer of assistance.

"Can I take a stitch in your frock, Miss?" she asked.

But the girl shook her head. And, indeed, her dancing dress, a cloud of delicate lace and tulle, looked as if she had just stepped into it; not a frill was disarranged.

She leaned forward and studied herself for a moment in the mirror. Anxiously she began dabbing powder on her face. All at once a big tear rolled down her cheek.

It was her first big dance—and it was a failure.

MOST girls could have sympathized with her experience—the dance was one she had looked forward to for weeks. Her dress was the prettiest she had ever worn. Her escort was the man she liked best. But one little thing had gone wrong—and this one thing had spoiled all the rest.

Every time she looked in the mirror she saw that her skin, which should have been smooth and flawless, looked neglected, unattractive. For days she had been struggling with it—but it simply would not come right.

All through the evening, what else could she think of but this one tormenting fact? What use was her pretty frock when her skin was all wrong? The

humiliation of it had taken away all her natural gayety and self-confidence—made her stiff, awkward, silent, when she should have been at her best.

REAL knowledge of the skin and its needs would save hundreds of girls and women from the worry and chagrin of an unattractive complexion.

Any girl, by giving her skin the right care, can keep it smooth, soft, flawlessly clear.

Your skin is changing every day

For your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By giving this new skin the special care suited to its needs, you can actually make it over—you can make it smooth, clear, lovely in freshness and color.

It is to meet the every-day needs of different types of skin that the famous Woodbury treatments have been formulated.

Three of these famous treatments are reproduced on this page. Other complete treatments for all the commoner skin needs are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Each one of these treatments is based on the highest scientific authority. Each one tells you some special way in which you can improve your complexion. By following the treatment recommended for your type of skin, you can not only free your skin from the

faults that have been troubling you—you can keep it, day by day, in flawless condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today. Woodbury's is a skin soap, made in a special way of the purest and finest ingredients. Use it according to the directions given in the treatment booklet, and see what a marked improvement your skin will show within a week or ten days.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

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For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 58 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Three famous treatments for improving your skin

If you do not find here the treatment your skin needs, look for it in the booklet of famous skin treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



Is your skin dull and sluggish?
How you can rouse it

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a piece of ice, and dry carefully.



Conspicuous nose pores grow larger if neglected

To reduce enlarged pores, follow every night this simple treatment: Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Finish by rubbing the nose for 30 seconds with a piece of ice.



To free your skin from blemishes—the right way

Each night just before retiring, wash your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water, and dry carefully. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse your face thoroughly, first with clear hot water, then with cold.



BEGIN EACH DAY WITH A LAUGH
"BRINGING UP FATHER"
 APPEARS EVERY DAY
 IN THE BOSTON AMERICAN

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Bringing Up Father

